

crickets chirp



Chaz cvillette
https://cvillette.livejournal.com/
2008-02-07 23:02:00



MOOD: aggravated

MUSIC: Everlast - Lonely Road

Just for the record?

I hate this part.

The waiting by the phone part. Hate, loathe, detest, despise, and abhor.

Did I mention I hate it?

Too worried to eat, and working too hard not to. Yes, 11 pm, still at work.

In a not-unrelated story, 0. may be rubbing off on me. I have engaged in therapeutic shopping.

I bought a shoggoth (https://www.livejournal.com/away?

to=http%3A//www.kingarthurflour.com/shop/landing,jsp%3Fgo%3DDetailDefault%26ref%3Dti%26id%3D1522%26utm_source%3Dgoogle%26utm_medium%3Dcpc%26utgoduieqfw).

Well, where else can you get a three hundred year old pet you can keep in the refrigerator?

The downside is, it doesn't purr. But you can nurture and love and then bake and eat it.

...I should probably hope that Dad never finds out I wrote that sentence.

Which reminds me, since I know she has fans, I meant to say that I visited the shelter and checked up on the Angry Kitteh. It looks like she will be clandestinely returned to the area of my fire escape sometime at the end of March.

I wonder if she's still not speaking to me.



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning house, putting stuff we don't need anymore out on

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't handle it well. So yeah, I'm sorry. And I'm here to...

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.

14 comments



carla_scribbles

February 8 2008, 03:47:05 UTC COLLAPSE

5.47.05 UTC COLLAPSE

Breadshoggoth! I always thought those were so cool, in the too-hardcore-for-you way a lot of foodie things are. I never thought of them as pets, though.

(Also, \o/ for the Angry Kitteh.)



February 8 2008, 04:13:23 UTC COLLAPSE

I found myself enjoying shopping for something other than books, the other day. Strangest experience of my life.

(Also, much love and best of luck for Angry Kitteh.)



<u>___cjtremlett</u>

February 8 2008, 04:22:14 UTC COLLAPSE

You'll have to post about how that starter works out. I've never bought one from the net. Pet Shoggoth FTW!

And Yay for the Kitteh, too.



In other news, I'M GOING TO GET TWO HOURS SLEEP! WOOHOO!

I could have gone to med school. The resident hours would be the same, and I'd get paid a lot more than I will in a couple years here.

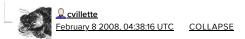
On the other hand, hey, the glamour.

Which is why this room smells of mildew. Secretly, that is the smell of glamour.

I traded Dad for the car that smells of mildew. I made out like a bandit on that one. Now he gets to be all radio-silence and I get to sleep.

I'm glad to hear Ms. Kitteh is well and prob'ly still full of barely-repressed fury. And I look forward to helping you eat your new friend.

Oh, god, I didn't really just type that. I had better go to bed.



Sleep well, and dream happy dreams of T. I will call and let her know you checked in.

And I won't tell Dad about your sentence if you don't tell him about mine. He's likely to worry more about mine, though, things considered.

Deleted comment



Re: Shoggoth rules

<u> cvillette</u>

February 8 2008, 15:14:55 UTC COLLAPSE

Flies in the shoggoth--important technical tip.

Thanks!

February 8 2008, 16:51:40 UTC COLLAPSE

I wonder if she's still not speaking to me.

From experience with semi-feral momcats, could go either way (expert advice on cats: the cats are the only experts), but if she's being a good momcat, there's a good chance that she's taking a fairly dim view of the evil monkeys that obviously want to eat her babies. Either that or she loves the monkeys that are being nice to her babies.

The only way to know for certain is to go and visit her.



February 8 2008, 17:34:48 UTC COLLAPSE

Well, preliminary indications are that she can no longer see monkeys. They have become invisible to her.

It's a coping mechanism, I guess.

The chestbursters are growing up very cute. I suspect they will have no problems finding homes.

<u>tamnonlinear</u>

February 8 2008, 20:31:32 UTC COLLAPSE

Domestic cats ignore you loudly. Semi-ferals ignore you very, very quietly.

For what it's worth, my Marlene was a very good and dedicated feral momcat and is now a very spoiled and affectionate house cat. She raised her last litter in captivity, glaring and growling at the humans every time we dared touch her precious kittens, trying to convey that we had better not hurt them. In fact, she was such a good momcat that when another rescuer had a momcat die and leave behind three orphaned babies, they were brought to Marlene, who promptly demanded that we had better leave her OTHER children alone too, and raised the little strangers along with her own. She was such a protective mom that we ended up taking the kids away from her a little early because she didn't want them playing with the humans and they weren't getting socialized enough. The kids turned out fine and happy.

But she hated the humans. Detested us. After her kids were weaned and she was fixed, she was released again because she couldn't stand being in a room with the humans and would growl the entire time humans intruded in her space.

Within not too many months after that, she'd be waiting for me when I got home, and come running to see me with her tail in the air, chirping in greeting.

Nearly ten years since then, now, and she's still my girl.



And a lucky girl, too.

How many cats do you live with? and how many are ferals?

<u>____tamnonlinear</u>

February 8 2008, 21:07:44 UTC COLLAPSE

Some luck, a lot of stubbornness and attitude (common scolding in my house: "Marlene! Stop hitting your children*! They're grown cats, they can hit themselves.")

My official answer to the question of how many cats I have is "enough". How many are ferals depends somewhat on your definition, but I'd say that about half of the population has a significant feral history and a third is still feral enough to contact with the human tends to be a carefully considered business.

* Orpheus and Ten, her children from earlier reproductive cycles.



Soul of a badger. It's not a bad thing. Those are the ones who make it, you know?

Thank you, by the way, for your advice and for sharing your knowledge. And for saving small lives. It reminds me of things worth fighting for.

Q Ometotchtli

February 8 2008, 20:07:04 UTC COLLAPSE

Just like old times, no?

Or no?

Is it different now, when they're out there and you're in here?

(Also, you look limp. Awesome baguette and brie in kitchie.)



Worse.

But you know that.

:-(

Augh. I couldn't eat another bite. My stomach hurts.

See next rock.

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